¶ The example of euyll tongues.

With pyte moued to my payne I dyde me dres
To shew ỳ people what doth the most greuāge
I saye yll tonges full of bytter crewelnes
In this worlde may be no greter penaunce
Thes be ỳ clappers of sorowe ỳ stronges of vengaūs
These preuy murderers these cōberous hell wedes
Be cause of grete mischefe & dystroyers of good dedys
(dys
yf there were in ỳ worlde none other punyshement
But yll tonges onely in especyall
Of very ryght it were sufficyent
Seyenge how euery creature now ouer all
Is sodeynly smyten wt this venemous spere mortall
Of comberous tonges that good ne man dredys
By cause of myschefe & dystroyers of good dedys

Bothe ryche and poore be brought in torment
By this cursed slo worme ỳ swelleth worse thā a tode
I mene the yll tonge that venymous serpent
Whiche many good doer destroyed with a worde
Who ledeth they lyke now in peasyble concorde
Full fewe for yll tonges so moche sorowe bredys
They be cause of myschefe & dystroyed good dedys

No enemy so lytell we out hym to doute
Ne none so grete rome but remedy may be founde
If it in tyme be perceyued and brought oute
Than to a good ende it may rebounde
But an yll tonge so brode remeth the sounde
Fro bad to worse and so myschefe spedys
Whiche caused many a man to withdrawe good dedys

The tonge is instrument of lyes treason & trechery
And causeth warre moꝛther mysches wout ende
Grete multytude of other with ypocrysy
Rebellyons theske dystroꝛde full yll to defende
Fyghtynge chydynge to stryfe euer Intende
With shame & sclaunder to yll foꝛtune all ledes
Lo how ỹ tõge caused mysches & dystroyed good des
(des
Some theues escapen & many true men be hanged
It is dayly sene in this woꝛlde rounde
Faythfull people by yll tonges be condempned
That to vntruth there dydes neuer dyde founde
But he that cometh in daunger of an yll tonge
Seldome oꝛ neuer he scapeth there fro
Foꝛ by án yll tonge the good name is soone a go

And this yll Joynt of mooll dyspyte
Soꝛmounteth all venyme of serpentes fell
They haue suche malycyous appetyte
They may be lykened to the trade of hell
The soꝛowe ỹ by them is vsed no man may tell
The true seruaunt put out of fauour ỹ is pyte & woo
Foꝛ by an euyll tonge ỹ good name is soone a go

A false tonge wyll euer Imagyne and saye
That neuer by creature was sayd ne thought
And this hath be sene and is euery daye
The fader and mother betraye & in soꝛowe brought
Many good folke hath sclaundred dere bought
As losse theyꝛ goodes and theyꝛ lyues also
Foꝛ by an yll tonge the good name is soone a go

Many there be that neuer dyde offende
Whiche by an euyll tonge is brought to dyshonoure
And in to an euyll name sone they be comptende
That a. M. to theyr good name can not them restore
The clatterers cõdycyon is to grose vp more & more
Maydens by them is blamed, wedowes & other mo
For by an euyll tonge the name is soone go

There is many one blamed and accused for nought
And many gyftes theyr lyues fro them is take
Ye and a thousande into pouerte brought
That dayly goth a begge & prayed for goddes sake
And all thorowe tale tellers his scrowe doth wake
Whiche caused many one theyr selfe to slo
Where by an euyll tonge theyr good name is a go

Full many be brought to dyseas and captyuyte
In euery regyon that man can trauayll
The tonge is cauler of this wofull aduerlyte
Full lytell or nought now dooth trouth auayll
True heyers be dyscheryte without ony fayll
With weppynge & waylynge some waxeth blynde
And all causeth euyll tõges mooste enemy to mãkynde

Thoughe some preestes now be neuer so pacyent
And in towne and cyte be peasse ouer all
Or though the relygyous be neuer so obedyent
Yet an euyll tonge wyll trouble them all
Multyplyenge of lesynges by hym aryse shall
To trouble good people in soule and mynde
This is euyll tonges mooste enemy to mankynde

yf ony man wolde begynne his synnes to reny
Or ony good people that fro vyce dyde refrayne
What so euer he were that to vertue wolde applye
But an yll tonge wyll all outer thrwe agayne
Lo by whome is rayled all this grete payne
Of sorowefull sclaunder that flyeth as the wynde
These yll tonges be moost enemy to mankynde

I saye not but warre is grete abusyon
Yet is there not so many as is wyll tonges slayne
And though honger be neuer so sharpe for ỳ season
Yet for all that god some people doth sustayne
Of frostes grete some people be not sayne
But so sore greke no where may we fynde
As it the yll tonge moost enemy to mankynde

Though sodayne deth be neuer so rygorous
Yet by preestes it sealeth at the laste
But where all yll tonges lyste to be malycyous
There is neuer remedy whan the worde is past
To lye and saye wronge they be neuer agast
Of heuen and hell they haue lytell mynde
I meane yll tonges moost enemy to man kynde

Speke of salpeter arsnyk or ony poyson mortall
The fyre of hell the blood of serpentes venymmous
Ye fynde none sone so perylous amonge all
As is the yll tonge to them that be vertuous
They be of malyce full and rygorous
For they ỳ lyste to do well & therto do they[r] payne
By the euyll tongue all is ouerthrowe agayne

Therfore euery creature take hede what ye saye
For yf the worde be escaped at any throwe
It wyll not be called agayne though ꝑ wolde laye
Both lyfe and goodes and on it bestowe
I wolde wete how we a good tongue sholde knowe
It wyll not be for by the subtyll trayne
Of the yll tongue whiche all ouerthroweth a gayne

Wen shette surely they? chystes w̄ syluer & golde
With dyuyrs Julles of grete comodytes
Farred gownes in grayne ryght goodly to beholde
yet were they better to kepe they? aduersaryes close
The yll tonge and lette all the other lose
For many hath purposed to amende w̄ herte fayne
But an yll tonge ouerthroweth agayne

For that yll by another dothe saye
yf he his owne defautes dyde well beholde
How many tymes hymselfe is out of the waye
Full gladly than his tonge kepe he wolde
For yf ppyke thankes they? owne fautes se sholde
To they? hertes it wolde be a grete payne
For by yll tonges all vertues ouer throwe agayne

All people beware of these yll tonges most perylous
And elche we them where euer you go
Tonge breketh bone he is so malycyous
And none hath hymselfe all knoweth it is so
Sclander cometh lyghtly whiche causeth grete wo
For though thou be in name I tell the playne
By an yll tonge all is ouerthrowen agayne

Thefe combrofe clamozes in euery towne
That thynge whiche the deupll can not bꝛyge about
An ypll tonge wyll perfozme by vnkynde perolyfene
yf a thoufande fendes were to gyder in a route
Coude not by theyꝛ malyce fuche falfhede vter oute
To bꝛynge the people to grete deffenfyon
As doth thefe ypll tonges mannes moofte confufyon

O enuyous tonges deftroyers of hye & lowe degre
Thy wycked fedes thou doeft fowe downe
Here and elles where ouer euery countre
Bothe in cyte bozowe vyllage and towne
Seale thy rozynge thou fendyly lyon
In the coffer of fcyence hyde the full foone
Foꝛ ypll tonges is mannes moft confufyon

He that can kepe his tonge and beware
Laude vnto hym fhall euer encreafe
And where that euer he go he nede not to care
Foꝛ he is fure of reffe and peafe
Moꝛe of this mater I nede not reherfe
Foꝛ take thefe wozdes foꝛ a conclufyon
That ypll tonges is euer mannes confufyon

Amen.

WYKY WDE.

TA 552.05

¶ Here begynneth a lytyll treatyse of
¶ the horse/the sheep/and the goos.

¶ Dutruertyes/pleyes and dyssordes
¶ Betwene persones wer two or thre
¶ Sought oute the grounde by recordes
¶ This was the custome of antyquite
¶ Juges were sett/that hadde auctorite
¶ The cas conceyued stondynge in dyfference
¶ Betwene partyes to gyue Jugement

¶ partyes assembled of hygh and lowe degree
¶ Were redy attempted to shewe in sentence
¶ Grouñded of theyr quarels/ þ lawe made them free
¶ Without excepcyon to come in audyence
¶ By the presydent/commaunded grete silence
¶ Fredome gyue/the partyes not to spare
¶ By tytell of ryghte theyr greues to declare

¶ Upon this mater shortly to conclude
¶ Noughte, yore agone as I reherse shall
¶ I founde to purpose a symplytude
¶ Full craftly depaynted upon a wall
¶ Tweyne syttynge in estate Ryall
¶ The syerie spon famous in all Ryames
¶ And themperyall egle perysynge the sonne beames

¶ These were the dredfull Juges twene
¶ In theyr estate syttynge I tolde here

¶ That herde the partyes by and by complayne
¶ The hors the goos and the symple shepe.
¶ The processe was not to profunde ne depe
¶ Of theyr debate but contryued of a fable
¶ Whiche of them was to may moost prouffytable

¶ Eche for his party proudly gan procede
¶ To force hymselfe by recorde of scrypture
¶ By phyllophers as clerkes seey and rede
¶ The prerogatyues/gyuen them by nature
¶ Whiche of these thre/to euery creature
¶ In republyca/auayleth moost a may
¶ For his partye thus fyrst the horse began

¶ The hors.

¶ To procede bryefly and not longe to tarye
¶ Fyrste for the droughte that I do not erre
¶ What beest is founde in all thynge so necessarye
¶ As is the horse bothe nygh and ferre
¶ And so notable to may in peas and werre
¶ Hors in cronycles who soo redeth a ryght
¶ Haue saued ofte many a worthy knyghte

¶ Marcyall prowesse in especyall
¶ God hath by horse gyue to warryours
¶ Recorde of Alysaunder whole horse bucyfall
¶ Made hym escape from many sharpe shours
¶ The goldey chare of olde conquerours
¶ Towarde the tryumphe for knyghtly dedes
¶ Conceyued it was with foure white stedes

¶ Remembre Hector the troyan champyon
¶ Whoos horse was called Whylom galathe
¶ Upon whoos backe pleyed the lyon
¶ Full ofte lythes he made the grekes flee
¶ The stede of Perseus was called Pygale
¶ With swyfte wynges/poetes sayen the same
¶ Was for his swyftenes named the horse of fame

¶ Eques ab equo is sayd of very ryghte
¶ And chevaler is sayd of chevalrye
¶ Ly duche a Rydder is called a knyghte
¶ Aragon tonge dooth also specifye
¶ Caualero/whiche in that partye
¶ Is named of worshyppe and toke begynnynge
¶ Of spores of golde and chyefly of rydynge

¶ These Emperours these prynces & these kynges
¶ Whan they ben armed in bryghte plate & mayle
¶ Without horse what were theyr multrynges
¶ Theyr brode baners or theyr ryche parayle
¶ Tofore theyr enemyes to shewe them in batayle
¶ Without horse/spere.sworde/ne shylde.
¶ Myghte lytell auayle for to holde a fyld

¶ The hardy pryckers vpon horse backe
¶ Be lente to forne what grounde is best to take
¶ Ly theyr ordenaunce that there be no lacke
¶ By prouydence how they the fylde shall make
¶ Ay horse wyl wepe for his maysters sake

¶ Chaucer remembreth the sworde/rynge/ & glalle
¶ Presented were vpon a stede of bralle

¶ Betwene two hylles the prophete zacharye
¶ Sawe stedes foure/the fyrste of hem was rede
¶ In chares foure the felde to magnefye
¶ And the seconde was blacke it is no drede
¶ The thyrde was whyte bodye necke and hede
¶ The fourth dyuerse of colours/wonder stronge
¶ And to knyghthode all these colours longe

¶ The rede horse was tokey of hardynesse
¶ Whiche apertayneth to euery manly knyghte
¶ The cole blacke hewe a sygne of sobernesse
¶ Poryalle apressyd to helpe in theyr ryghte
¶ The whyte mylke stede that was glad of syghte
¶ Tokeneth that knyghthode treuly shold entende
¶ Holy chyrche maydens and wydowes to defende

¶ The manyfolde colours to speke in generall
¶ Be sondry vertues and condycyons
¶ As the foure vertues called cardynall
¶ Longyne to knyghthode tencrece theyr renouns
¶ In re publyca/called the champyons
¶ Trought to susteine and shewe hemselfe stronge
¶ Bounde by order to see no may haue wronge

¶ Withoutey horse Joustes ne tournayll
¶ Maye not be holde in warre ne in peas

¶ Nor in palastre noo playes marcyall
¶ Yf horse do fayle maye come to none encrees
¶ Ne no may lothly dare put himselfe in prees
¶ Without horse for shorte conclusyon
¶ To attayne the palme of tryumphall guerdon

¶ Lower degrees there ben of horse also
¶ Doo grete prouffyte to euery comontee
¶ The plough ne carte myght nought do
¶ Without horse dayly ye maye see
¶ Tyllynge were lotte ne were we horses perde
¶ The bely marchaunte to his auauntage
¶ Ner shyppes and horse coude haue no carryage

¶ The shyppe by lykenesse is called an horse of tree
¶ Full notably whoo can vnderstonde
¶ To lede may and carye them ouer the see
¶ As done horse whan they come on londe
¶ The poore may che ledeth in a bonde
¶ His lytell capull/his corne his mele to sell
¶ And whan it is grouden bryngeth it fro the mylle

¶ In wynter season to make beal chere
¶ The horse is nedefull wood and turfe to carye
¶ Wyne fruyte and oyle to serue through the yere
¶ Is brought to vyneters and to potecarye
¶ Dyuerse drogges and many a letuarye
¶ Sondry bales and shortly all vytayll
¶ Of the carryage horse haue the trauayll

Theye ne wotes playnly who lyste to lerne
Haye fro the fyldes ner the medes grene
To the garner neyther to the berne
Withoute horse be carryed it is sene
And vnto purpose I saye as I mene
There is no brest rehey as I begay
So necessarye/as horse is vnto may

Auguste is a season mery and gladde
Whan euery tree with newe fruyte is lade
With draught of horse ỹ sheues bey home ladde
That moneth passed/the leues gyn to fade
Whiche made in somer a plesaunt lusty shade
What done horse thay to spede in wordes playne
The seconde croppe they carye home of newayne

By draughte of horse fro ryuers and welles
Bouges be brought to brewers for good ale
Lede stone tymbre carrage of belles
We bringe to chirches in trought this is no tale
We lede clothe sackes and many a large male
And gladly summers be sente to forn
With gardeuyandes/how myght horse be forborn

Ye prudent Juges the egle and the lyon
What I haue sayde dooth wysely aduertyse
Weyeth this mater in your discretyon
Wher goos or shepe playnly to deuyse
Of theyr nature may in ony wyse

¶ Justely deme ye/late it not be spared
¶ Unto ay hois he lykened and compared

¶ That I haue tolde is troughte and no faynynge
¶ Noo wyghte of reason agayne it maye applye
¶ Goos ne gander ne grene gollelynge
¶ But yf they entre the bounder of enuye
¶ Lete her come forthe and saye for her partye.
¶ Goos yes truste me well for the I wyll not spare
¶ Lyke as I fele my verdyte to declare

¶ Where as thou haste vnto thy pasture
¶ But one place/to make ip thy repayre
¶ Hit is graunted to me by natyre
¶ To abyde oy water/londe and eyre
¶ Now amonge floures and grenes that be fayre
¶ Now bathe ip ryuers swymme ip many a pounde
¶ For floume or shoure as drye as oy the londe

¶ To myne entente moo thynges ye maye seen
¶ As men experte knowen that ben olde
¶ Whan wylde ghees hye ip thayre vp fleen
¶ With theyr wynges dysplayed and vnfolde
¶ A pronostyque of snowe and froste colde
¶ Kalendes bringe playnly for to saye
¶ Agayne wynter how men sholde pourueye

¶ The grees of ganders is good ip medycyne
¶ With londry gommes tempred for the goute

¶ Dyuerse aches to swayne and declyne
¶ By the extrempte to drawe the malyce oute
¶ Fethers of gees whay they fall or moute
¶ To gader them vp herdes them delyte
¶ To selle to fletchers the graye with the whyte

¶ Whey pluche stalkes out of my wynges tweyte
¶ Some to portrye some to note or wryte
¶ Whay Rethorycyens haue doo theyr help peyne
¶ Frelhe epstles and letters to endyte
¶ Without wryynge auayleth not a myte
¶ For yf pennes and wrytynge were awaye
¶ Of remembraunce thenne were lost the keye

¶ Of gees also the dede is proued ofte
¶ In many a countre and many a regyon
¶ To make pelowes and fetherbeddes softe
¶ Of prudence mey pluchey of the doun
¶ Thus to make a playne comparyson
¶ As pelowes bey to chambers agreable
¶ Soo is harde strawe lytter for the stable

¶ The fyme of gees and grene golelynges
¶ Gadred in many amonge the herbes sote
¶ A gayne brennyge caldynge and other thynges
¶ Tempred with oyle or butter dooth bothe
¶ To swage payne perceth to the rote
¶ But horse dounge as refuse is caste awaye
¶ Is good for a furneys tempred with claye

¶ A deed horse is but a foule carayne
¶ Thayre Infectynge it is so corruptable
¶ But a fatte goos whay it is newe slayne
¶ In dyllhes of golde a mussell greable
¶ Is serued vpon a kynges table
¶ Swymmynge a lyue in waters crystallyne
¶ Tenderly rosted requyreth to haue wyne

¶ Thurgh all the londe of Brutes allyon
¶ For fethers arowes as I reherse can
¶ Goos is the beste to make comparyson
¶ Excepte fethers of pecoke and of swan
¶ Be bowe and arowe syth the werre began
¶ Haue Englysshe men remembred in storye
¶ Of theyr enmyes hadde many a victorye

¶ Horse in the fylde maye mustre with grete pryde
¶ Whan they of trompettes here the bloody soun
¶ But whan ay arowe hath perced his syde
¶ To grounde he gooth & caste his mayster doun
¶ Entrynge the fylde he playeth the lyon
¶ What foloweth after his carrayne stynketh sore
¶ Saue shynne and shone there leueth no more

¶ Myghty capytaynes and knyghtes in the felde
¶ Make theyr wardes in theyr ordenaunce
¶ Fyrste men of armes with polax spere and shylde
¶ Sette in ordre dewe to haue the gouernaunce
¶ Whiche at poyteyers toke the kynge of fraunce

¶ Thanke to the goos mooſt be gyuen of ryghte
¶ Why iche in the feld ſo proudly toke her flyghte

¶ Slougth of my flyghte for haſty negligence
¶ Of prelumpcyon the goos was lefte behynde
¶ Whan the famous & the worthy duke of clarence
¶ Rode on Bayerde with his eyen blynde
¶ flyghte of my fethers was put out of mynde
¶ And for he lette that daye of me no force
¶ So lytell or nought what auayled him his horſe

¶ Bookes olde remembre well in ſentence
¶ Whylom whan Rome by his foon was take
¶ The Capytole kepte of with grete defence
¶ Noyſe of a gander/the capytayne dyde make
¶ Whyche remembred/they lette vp for his ſake
¶ In theyr Temples wyde and olde
¶ A large gander forged all of fyne golde

¶ His waker noyſe was theyr ſauacowne
¶ By whyche the capytayne ranne vpon the walle
¶ Thus by a gander recoured was the towne
¶ Called of the worlde the cyte mooſt ryalle
¶ Cyte of cytees that daye mooſt pryncypalle
¶ Was euer hors in booke that ye can rede
¶ Dro re publyca/that dyde ſuche a dede

¶ In the boke named of chyualrye beſtyne
¶ The ſtorye telleth as in ſentemente

¶ There were chyldren of the ryall lyne
¶ Born with chaynes/& what they were of rente
¶ They tourned to swannes by enchaũtemente
¶ Take theyr flyghte the trought is full clere
¶ And as swannes they swamme in the ryuer

¶ This storye is full autentyke and olde
¶ In frenshe compeled ofte red and seyn
¶ Of thylke chayne was made a cuppe of golde
¶ Whiche is yet kepte as som folkes seyn
¶ And by dyscent hit longeth in certeyn
¶ To the herfordes ye shall so fynde in dede
¶ Lernedly who so lyste the storye to rede

¶ And semblably not longe here to tarry
¶ I telle this tale as for my partye
¶ There was a man in lombardy born
¶ To a good yeoman by crafte of lorserye
¶ And so abode seuen yere me lyste not to lye
¶ His wyfe fyll of thay stode he vp a man
¶ And bode in seruyce withe the duke of Melan

¶ And for he was a man of hyghe degre
¶ Born of good blood and notable in substaunce
¶ His kynred gyued a goos for theyr leuerre
¶ The layd meruayle to put in remembraunce
¶ Peyse all thynges Justely in balaunce
¶ And lete the horse leue his boost and roos
¶ To make comparyson with gander or goos

¶ Within Rome the gandes was defyed
¶ Set in theyr Temples of grete affeccyon
¶ By Senatours of the towne magnefyed
¶ As theyr protectour & sauer of the town
¶ Fete horle & sheep saye theyr boost a doun
¶ But yf the Ram with his braley belle
¶ Say for the sheep some better story telle

¶ The Ram speketh for the sheep.

¶ The sheep was symple & looth to make a fraye
¶ Lyke a beest dyspoled to mekenelle
¶ The sturdy Ram his aduocate was that daye
¶ Tofore the Juges he gan hym dresse
¶ With ay exordye of latyn he dyde expresse
¶ Veste purpurea vt rectoris regum
¶ Induti sunt arietes ouium

¶ Of this notable ryall hye scrypture
¶ The blessyd doctoure Agustyne as I rede
¶ Be a may gooslly fayre of fygure
¶ Of a meke sheep thus he dooth procede
¶ Called Marya a mayde in thought and dede
¶ Brought forth a lambe of moost vertu
¶ The lambe of grace whole name was Jhesu

¶ Augustyne called this lambe in estate
¶ By manyfolde recorde of scrypture
¶ The ryall lambe of coloure purpurate
¶ Whiche for mankynde passyon lyste thendure
¶ Borne of a mayde by grace agayne nature

¶ Whan he by mene of her humylyte
¶ Tokē the clothynge of our humanyte

¶ Borne by dyscente to be booth preest and kynge
¶ Kynge by succesyon fro Dauyd douy by lyne
¶ Of purpyll rede was his ryall clothynge
¶ This agnus dei borne of a pure vyrgyne
¶ Whiche wylle awaye all venyme serpentyne
¶ Dy caluarye/ whan he for may was dere
¶ With his pure blood purpurate and rede

¶ This paſcall lambe wythout ſpot all whyte
¶ By his paſſyon in Bolra ſtryned rede
¶ Whiche cam from Edom this lambe of delyte
¶ That gaf his body to may in fourme of brede
¶ Dy sherturſdaye tofore he was dede
¶ Was there euer founde in ſcrypture
¶ Of horle or goos ſo ſolempne a fygure

¶ This lambe was cryſte that lyneally cam
¶ By dyscente conueyed de per de gre
¶ From the patryarke called Abraham
¶ By Ysaac and Jacob ſo douy to Yeſſe
¶ Whiche by vertue of his humylyte
¶ Lyſte to be called the bleſſyd Jheſu
¶ For his mekenelle the lambe of mooſt vertu

¶ And for to reherce worldly commodytees
¶ In re publyca make noo comparyſon

¶ There is noo beest / whiche in all degrees
¶ Neyther Tygre / Dyghaunt ne Gryffon
¶ All thynges rekend through euery regyon
¶ Dooth so grete prouffyte / horse / goos / ne swan
¶ As doth the shepe to the eale of may

¶ Lete be thy boost thou horse and thy Janglyne
¶ Laye doun thy trappours forged of plate & maple
¶ Caste of thy sadell of golde so frellhely shynynge
¶ What maye brydell or boces now auayle
¶ This goostly lambe hath done a grete batayle
¶ By his mekenes he offred vp for may
¶ Clad in purpyll hath vaynquyssshed Sathay

¶ The goos maye cakle the horse pryke & praunce
¶ Neyther of hem in procelle maye atteyne
¶ For to be sette or put in remembraunce
¶ Agayne the lambe though they disdayne
¶ For comon prouffyte he passeth both tweyne
¶ Weye and consydere booth poore and ryche
¶ To hym in valewe they be no thynge lyche

¶ Of Brutes albyon his wulle is theyr rychesse
¶ In pryce surmountynge euery other thynge
¶ Saue grayne & corne marchaūtes all expresse
¶ Wulle is chyefftresour in this londe growynge
¶ To ryche and poore this beest fynde clothynge
¶ All nacyons affermne hit vp to the fulle
¶ In all the worlde is no better wulle

¶ Of the sheep also cometh pellet and eke felle
¶ Gadred in this londe for grete marlaundyle
¶ Caryed ouer the see where men maye it selle
¶ The wulle shynnes cauley men to ryle
¶ Ay to grete rychelle in many londry wyle
¶ The sheep also tourneth to grete prouffyte
¶ To helpe of may bereth furres black and whyte

¶ There is also made of the shepes shynne
¶ Pylches and gloues to dryue awaye the colde
¶ Therof also is made good parchemyne
¶ To wryte of bokes and quayres manyfolde
¶ The Ray of Cholcos bare a flees of golde
¶ The flees of Gedeon with dewe delectable
¶ Was of Maria a fygure full notable

¶ This flesshe his naturall restauracyon
¶ As some men seey after grete sekenesse
¶ Rosted or sodey holsom is moton
¶ Boyleth with grewell/physycyens expresse
¶ Full nutryfyte after grete accheffe
¶ The sheep also concludynge doubteles
¶ Of his nature loueth reste and pees

¶ Of the sheep is caste awaye no thynge
¶ His horne for noches to haftes goo his bone
¶ To londe grete prouffyte dooth his tyrtelynge
¶ His talowe serued for playsters moo than one
¶ For harpe strenges his roppes serue echone

¶ Of whoos hede boyled with wulle and all
¶ There cometh a gely ¶ay oynement ryall

¶ For the ache of bones and also for bruluse
¶ Hit remedyeth and dooth sale blyue
¶ Cauleth mey of starke Joyntes to recure
¶ Deed senowes restoreth agayne to lyue
¶ Blacke shepes wulle with oyle olyue
¶ Thele mey of armes with charmes preued good
¶ At a strayte nede ¶ay well staynce blood

¶ Vnto the wolfe contrarye of nature
¶ As layen auctours is this humle beste
¶ Loueth no debate for whiche eche creature
¶ For his partye he wolde lyue in reste.
¶ Wherfore ye Juges I holde it for the beste
¶ Rem publycam/ye shold of ryghte preferre
¶ Alwaye cõlyderyng the peas is better thay werre

¶ In this mater briefly to conclude
¶ Peas to preferre as to my dyuyle
¶ By many olde prouyde symylytude
¶ Make no delaye gyue the sheep the pyce
¶ Of one alente lyth that ye be wyse
¶ Lete all warre and stryfe be lette a syde
¶ And vpon peas do with the shepe abyde.

¶ The horse.

¶ Naye sayde the horse your requeste is wronge
¶ All thynge consydred me were loth to erre

¶ The shepe is cauld and hath be full longe
¶ Of newe strywes and of mortell werre
¶ The circumstaunce me lyste not to deferre
¶ Thy wulle was cauld and grete occasyon
¶ Why that the proude duke of Burgoy

¶ Came tofore calays with flemynges not a fewe
¶ Whyche gaf the lasches and tarpiers of the town
¶ To Gault & Bugges his fredom for to shewe
¶ Of thy wulles he hyght them possessyon
¶ His boustous bataylle fyrste was betey downe
¶ Hymselfe vnnethe escaped with the lyfe
¶ What but thy wulles was cauld of this stryfe

¶ were ryches is of wulles and suche good
¶ Hey drawe theder that hey richeles
¶ As sould yours that braynles be and wood
¶ To gete bagage they put hemselfe in prees
¶ Thus cauldest þ warre & sayst thou louest pees
¶ And yf there were no warre ne bataylle
¶ Lytell or nought the grete horse sholde auayle.

¶ The goos.

¶ No sayd the goos nor my fethers whyte
¶ Without warre shold do none auantage
¶ Ner hoked arowes prouffyte but a lyte.
¶ To mete our ennuyes magre theyr vyage
¶ And from them to saue vs fra domage
¶ Flyght of fethers defyppe of sheep echone
¶ Shall vs defende agayne our mortell fone.

¶ The horle holdynge with the goos.

¶ Sōoth quod the horle as ỹ my Inwarde lyghte
¶ Without werre afore as J you tolde
¶ We maye not laue ne kepe our ryghte
¶ Our garrysons ner castelles olde
¶ But here this sheep ruckynge ỹ his folde
¶ Sette lytell store of swerde nor arowes kene
¶ Whan he ỹ peas maye pasture ou the grene

¶ Yf it so stood that noo warre were
¶ Lolte were the crafte of armorers
¶ What sholde anayle polaxe swerde or spere.
¶ Or thele daggers wroughte by cuttellers.
¶ Bowes/crossebowes/arowes of fletchers.
¶ All thele Instrumentes for the warre is wrought
¶ Yf warres were stynte they shold serue of nought.

¶ Theyr occupacyon sholde haue none encreas
¶ Knyghthode shold not floure ỹ his astate
¶ Jn euery contre yf that there were peas
¶ No men of armes sholde be fortunate
¶ J preue that peas is grounde of all debate
¶ For ỹ fyue spekes lyke as is a whele
¶ Tourned all the worlde who consydered wele.

¶ Begynne fyrste at peas whiche cauled pychelle
¶ And pychelle is thorygynall of pryde

¶ Pryde cauleth for lacke of ryghtwylnelle
¶ Werre betwene reames loke oy euery lyde
¶ Hertes contrarye in peas wyll not abyde
¶ Thus fynally who cay conlyder and lee
¶ Warre is chyef grounde and caule ofpouertee

¶ Hit is full harde to knowe ony eltate
¶ Double vilage loketh oute of euery hood
¶ Suerte is lolte Truste is palte the date
¶ Thryfte hath take his leue ouer the flood
¶ Lawe cay do no thynge withoute good
¶ Theefte hath leue to go out at large
¶ Of the comons mylrule hath take the charge

¶ And thou delyre thylelfe to auaunce
¶ Poore or ryche whether that thou be
¶ Be lowely and gentyll in thy gouernaunce
¶ Good rule doutles maye beste preferre the
¶ Yf thou be gentyll hurte not thy degree
¶ And thou be poore do all that thou cay
¶ To vle good maners for maners maketh may

¶ Atte thy mele be gladde in contenaunce
¶ In mete and drynke be thou meturable
¶ Beware of lurfete and mylgouernaunce
¶ They caule mey ofte to be vnreloñable
¶ Suffre no thynge be layd at thy table
¶ That ony may may hurte or diſpleale
¶ For good mete and drynke alketh Joye and eale

¶ Yf thy goodes to the not luckyle
¶ Conforme the euer to that thou haste
¶ Gouerne so thy selfe in suche a wyle
¶ In thyn expenses make noo waste
¶ Grete excesse causeth vnthryfte in haste
¶ Beware betyme here this in thyn herte
¶ Wylrule maketh ofte many men to smerte

¶ Beware of nouelles that ben newe broughte
¶ Though they be pleasaunt/locke faste thy lyppe
¶ Ay hasty worde maye be to sore boughte
¶ Close thy mouth lette thy tonge tryppe
¶ To thy self/loke thou make not a whyppe
¶ Hurte not thy selfe/leest thou sore rewe
¶ For thyn owne ease/kepe thy tonge in mewe

¶ The world so wyde the ayer so remuable
¶ The sely man so lytell of stature
¶ The graue and grounde of clothyng so mutable
¶ The fyre so hote and subtyll of nature
¶ The water neuer in one/what creature
¶ That made is of this foure thus flyttynge
¶ Maye endure stable & persteuer in abydynge

¶ The further I goo the more behynde
¶ The more behynde/ the ner my wayes ende
¶ The more I seche the worse can I fynde
¶ The lyghter leue/the lother for to wende
¶ The truer I serue/the ferther out of mynde

¶Though I goo lose I am tyed with a lyne
¶Is it fortune o Infortune thus I fyne

¶Explicit.

Ay hare in his fourme is
holdynge or lenynge
a douue sytteth
a Herte is herbored
a knyght is herbored
a Bucke is lodged
a Squyre is lodged
a Roo is bedded
a Yomay is bedded
Yf ay herte stande he
stalleth
Yf a Bucke stonde he
herkenyth
Yf a roo stonde he fereth
a Dere broken
a Goos reryd
a Swanne lyfte
a Capon sawsyd
a Henne spoyled
a Chekyn frusshed
a Malarde vnbraled
a Cony vnlaced
a Heron dysmembred
a Crane dysplayde
a Pecok dysfygured
a Curlewe vnioynted
a Buttore vntached
a Felant eyled
a Patryche eyled
a woodcok thyed
All small byrdes thyed
a Pygge hedeth & lyded
a lambe & kyde shulderd
a Herte yf he be chaled he
wyl delyre to haue a ry
uer. As soone as he ta-
keth the ryuer he suleth
yf he take ouer the ry-
uer he crolleth yf he re
torne he recrolleth/ & yf
he take with the streme
he fleteth/ yf he take a
gayne the streme he be
teth or els he beteth/ yf
he take the londe he fle-
eth.

¶Explicit.